UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Religion and the Drama—Their Common Denominator

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

Chapter IV. *By* M. K. GANDHI

Descendants and Ancestors

By EDWIN D. MEAD

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII | MONDAY, MAY 3, 1926 | NUMBER 10

FROM ROMAIN ROLLAND

"Votre UNITY *est, de tout les journaux que je connais en Amérique—et ailleurs—le plus constamment intrépide, le plus fidèle serviteur de la justice et de l'humanité. Quand celles-ce sont leseés, nulle considération de race et de patrie ne l'arréte pour les defendre. Car vous appartenez d'abord, comme moi, à la Cité de Dieu."*

(Translation)

Your UNITY is of all the papers that I know in America—and elsewhere—the most constantly fearless (intrepid), the most faithful servant of justice and humanity. When these are wronged, no consideration of race and country keeps it from defending them. For you belong, first of all, as I do, to the City of God."

—(From a private letter to Mr. Holmes.)

The business office of UNITY has not been able as yet to make any exact report as to the increase in subscription circulation incident to the publication of Gandhi's autobiography. New subscriptions are still coming in too fast to make any final estimate possible at this time. But on April 15th our circulation had much more than doubled, and the crest of the flood had not then abated. We are more confident than ever that our circulation will not be doubled but *trebled* on this occasion, putting UNITY on a basis of security and influence which it has never before enjoyed and which ranks it, permanently we trust, among the few really important religious journals of the country. When other papers are disappearing or combining, UNITY is moving on from strength to strength, thanks to the steadfast devotion of our friends. If our new readers stand by, as our old readers have done for, lo, these many years, the future is one of radiant promise.

UNITY's unprecedented increase in circulation, however, has a significance far transcending its own particular interests. What concerns us primarily is Gandhi! Here is evidence, such as we have not had before, that the great Mahatma is little by little capturing the imagination and winning the reverence of the people of America as well as of his own country. The public wants to know about this wonderful man—as witness not only the new subscribers who have come rushing in to read the autobiography immediately as it appears in our columns, but the newspaper syndicates and book publishers who are clamoring for the right to control the "Story" in its later and more permanent form. From the beginning we have believed this, and thus have felt that, in taking over Gandhi's autobiography, we were not only enjoying a privilege but assuming a responsibility of serious proportions. Could we reach the public to which Gandhi is entitled in this country? This question is now answered. Advertising, circularization, above all the activites of our readers and friends, have carried the news far and wide, and thus begun the work of reaching ultimately not the thousands merely but the millions to whom this life-story of the greatest soul among us, must go. Week by week as the narrative appears in India, it now appears in America. We love to think of the men and women who will feed each week upon the Mahatma's simple words, as upon manna in the wilderness, and shall never cease to be grateful that it was given to us to bestow this supreme gift.

Reports from India indicate the extreme gravity of the situation created by the "walk out" of the *Swarajist* members of the legislative assemblies (see last week's UNITY). It is evident that a crisis is at hand which must end the factionalism into which the independence movement has fallen during the past two years, and unite all parties as they were united after the Amritsar massacre in 1919. Thus *Swarajya*, in a two-column editorial, entitled "The Nation's Ultimatum," declares—"In the grapple that is to come, there is no place on middle ground. The time has arrived for the Independents and the Liberals to make up their minds. The days for temporizing are over. In future there are only two parties in the country—the bureaucracy against the Congress, and the Congress against the bureaucracy. Those that are not with the one party are against it in the other. In the coming struggle, to stand aloof from the Congress is to stand

against it. Let the Liberals, the Independents and all others beware of this simple truth and shape their political conduct accordingly." The interesting aspect of this challenge is the fact that there is no common ground upon which all parties can unite effectively against the bureaucracy and the British rule which it embodies except that presented by the Non-Cooperation program of Gandhi, just as there is no one great national leader to whom the people can turn at this crisis except the Mahatma. After wandering in other paths, especially that plotted out along political lines by the late C. R. Das, the Indians now find themselves back just where they started from two years ago, with Gandhi and his followers wholly vindicated. It is now evident that nothing could have been wiser, as assuredly nothing more sublime, than Gandhi's act of self-abnegation in surrendering control to those who wanted to try other methods. These methods are now discredited, as he knew they would be, by experience. Once again this frail little man, of the pure heart and the unconquerable soul, looms portentously upon the horizon of India and of the world. When, in modern times at least, has there been such a figure of such moment to mankind!

Some of our readers think that we have been a little severe in our judgment upon the Geneva tragedy. Our own opinion is that we were not half severe enough. This opinion we now find abundantly confirmed by the statement of the English "Union of Democratic Control" on the affair. This organization holds our admiration and confidence, first because it was founded and for years was led by that heroic and martyred spirit, the late E. D. Morel, and secondly because, since the death of Morel, it has continued its work in the spirit of its immortal founder. The Union holds within its membership today more right-minded men and women, thoroughly informed on European questions, than any other organization in the British Isles, or anywhere else for that matter. When it speaks, it speaks with authority. Listen, now, to the verdict of this body upon what happened at Geneva! "The Executive Committee of the Union of Democratic Control," runs the official declaration, "deplores the exhibition of dishonest intrigue preceding and pervading the meeting at Geneva, by which selfish nationalism operating by secret diplomacy paralyzed the legitimate action of the League of Nations, thus stopping the entry of Germany into League membership. The Union expresses its strongest condemnation of the part played by the British Foreign Secretary in opposition to the clearly expressed public opinion of the country, and attributes to his shifty conduct a large measure of responsibility for the disaster." We hope to secure and publish this declaration in full. Meanwhile we ask our readers to turn back to our comments upon the event, and see how nearly right we were. The Geneva affair was a perfectly conclusive demonstration of the fact that the same secret diplomacy, representative of the same competitive nationalism, is in the saddle today as in the days preceding 1914. For a fuller statement of this now obvious fact, see the recently published book, by John Bakeless, "The Origin of the Next War."

We must be honest and confess our exultant joy over the defeat of Senator McKinley in the recent Republican primary election in Illinois. Col. Smith, Senator McKinley's successful rival, conducted his campaign on the issue of the World Court, denouncing his rival's support of our country's entry into the Court, and pledging all effort in his power to undo this action. Senator McKinley did his best to entangle the Court question with other questions, but even so stout a pro-Court and pro-League paper as the New York *Times* concedes that the Court issue was clean-cut and Senator McKinley's defeat, therefore, a popular repudiation of the action of the Senate in voting the nation into the Court. Our joy over the result, let us say, has nothing to do with the World Court in itself. We have never thought that the Court was important enough to the cause of peace, to get much excited about, and have therefore been pretty indifferent to the question as to whether we went in or stayed out. Our joy over this primary election pertains rather to the Senatorial fight, and to the outrageous circumstances attending that fight. First of all there was the application of Cloture! This gag was put in simply and solely because public opposition, under the stimulus of Senatorial debate, was beginning to roll up, exactly as it had rolled up under the same conditions against the League six years ago, and the proponents of the cause of entry did not dare to face the issue. So they choked off discussion, and jammed things through. Secondly, there was the dishonesty of the fight. Take the matter of the Court's connection with the League, for example! This was strenuously denied on the floor of the Senate, and by advocates of American entrance outside the Senate. No sooner was the action of the United States government, especially the reservations, communicated to the nations concerned, however, than everything was referred to the *League* for action (see UNITY, April 12, page 100). That this would take place exactly as it did take place, just because Court and League are "one and inseparable," we believe the advocates of entry into the Court knew as well as the opponents thereof. Which means that the whole fight was dishonestly conducted as just a first step into the League itself! So, quite independent of all merits of the Court, which we

think to be not impressive, we are glad that Senator McKinley was defeated. This may well mean that the Senate's action may yet be undone.

To what extent is propaganda being carried on in America today, to deceive the people as to the real condition of affairs in Europe? What is constantly impressing us these days is the vast discrepancy between newspaper reports on the one hand and those reports which come to us in private letters from trusted friends on the other. Here is Hungary, for example. From the newspapers in recent months we have gotten a clear idea that this country is at last prosperous and happy. It is like a garden with every flower in blossom and all the bees drunk with nectar. The League Commissioner, Jeremiah Smith, is a sort of wizard, who waves his wand in the streets and forthwith turns the cobblestones to bricks of gold. Wonderful!—or so it seems, until we get letters from our correspondent, Mr. Hankinson, who has been in Hungary ever since the War, and knows the life of its people with intimacy. He tells of misery, crying need of relief, a desperate people, a dark and forbidding future. The same thing applies to other countries. Here is a passage from a letter just received from an American observer who has been in Europe now for a period of months. "It is very difficult," this man writes, "to see any way out for this nation (France). At any moment Italy may boil over. The war situation in Morocco and Syria is most complicating. Singularly Germany seems the one nation to which hopes may be pinned." How does this match up with the newspaper despatches? Who would ever guess or suspect such a situation from reading the pages of the New York *Times* or the Chicago *Tribune*. More and more we are convinced that the daily journals are filled with propaganda directed to the end of deceiving the American people into believing that all is well in Europe. The motives of such deception are obvious—first, loans, and secondly, entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. Just how far this propaganda can succeed is doubtful. The Geneva fiasco, in spite of every effort to cover it up, has opened our eyes to the reality of the European situation as has nothing that has happened since Versailles. Furthermore, there is no war psychology to help in the dissemination of lies. On the contrary! None the less, what is going on should be known.

The situation in the British Labor Party is one of great import at this moment. Inside is the spirit of factionalism, rending the organization into discordant groups, centering about the conservative Right on the one hand and the radical Left upon the other. Gone for the present at least is that noble spirit of unity which rallied about MacDonald when he took control of the government, and gave him as leader the support of men and women who were Laborites and nothing more. Now MacDonald seems to have lost command of the Party. The ranks are demobilizing, with a steady drift toward the Left, brilliantly led by Brailsford and the *New Leader*. If inside is the spirit of factionalism, outside is the spirit of disillusionment and discouragement. The Party has grown with amazing rapidity in recent years, and it is still growing. But this growth is pretty much limited to the great industrial centers, and seems to promise at no appreciable time any capture of the government as the majority party of the realm. The Laborites are solidly placed as His Majesty's Opposition; but this apparently only means the handing over of the government indefinitely to the Tories. It is this which accounts for the persistent rumors of some kind of a deal with the Liberals, for how otherwise than by such a combination can the Tories ever be defeated? It is this also which explains the reversion of the workers of England to the method of direct action as contrasted with political action—i. e., the strike, as in the present coal controversy. In such a stupendous crisis as this, it is the union and not the party, the strike and not the ballot, which holds the center of the stage. All in all, it must be conceded that the British Labor Party is in straits. And worst of all is the almost total eclipse of J. Ramsay MacDonald. Personally, we still have confidence, and believe that the Labor Party is destined to be victorious. But in England, as in America, the slump is on.

Religion and the Drama—Their Common Denominator

If, by any chance, your previous incarnation was localized in Greece during the middle of the third century before Christ, you will recall that a very remarkable cultural development is to be recorded which, if it were in the field of biology, would be referred to as a mutation. The sudden efflorescence of dramatic activity which made that period one which is likely never to be eclipsed might possibly, if one knew all the facts, be traced even further back for many centuries. But the thing of which we can now speak with certainty is that, overshadowing all other creators in the field of dramatic art before or since that time, the names of three writers became immortalized: Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Eurypides; whose works may be

said to have concentrated all that was finest in this remarkable period. To be sure, the writings of these theatrical giants were inspired by such songs and ceremonies as had attended the commemoration of Dionysius, the Greek god of wine, but it was not until this dramatic trinity appeared upon the stage that we find the introduction of other actors than those constituting the chorus and the use of appropriate scenes and costumes.

It is a far cry from Aeschylus and Eurypides to Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill, but the significant part of it is that the stream of thought and emotion which was brought to the surface in that early day and which sometimes has become tragically attenuated in its efforts to push across the barren and unimaginative deserts of some of the subsequent centuries has never ceased to flow completely. If one were to attempt a general statement of this remarkable period of Greek accomplishment, it would probably have to be to the effect that so far as the attitude of these writers were concerned, they held a profound sense of the divine government of the world, of a righteous power punishing pride and vice, pursuing the children of the guilty to the tenth generation, but showing mercy to the contrite. In short, a mysterious and almost Jewish ideal of holiness pervades the entire work of these early tragedians. When the drama, as we know it today, in its bewildering variety of manifestations, started out on its earthly career, it began as a religious enterprise. With Aeschylus there was never the slightest doubt about the everlasting reality of the moral law. With him, as with Wordsworth, she was the daughter of the Voice of God. Sophocles softened his appeal, affecting greater solicitude for the weakness of the offender than the vengeance of the offended Deity. Sophocles, in other words, was a humanist of the third century B. C. There is a very moving situation in the familiar story of Aedipus, who at the close of his wanderings, has been rejected by the citizens of Colonus, and realizing something of the tissue of horrors which he has woven about himself, cries: "My deeds were rather sufferings than crimes." In other words, he anticipated the profound observations of some of our behavioristic psychologists and quite appropriately enough has his name been caught up as a part of their fearful vernacular. By the time of Eurypides in 441 the religious foundations of former days had been violently shaken, and with such revolution one finds this dramatic mutation passing from the stage of human culture. Let us not forget, however, that in the beginning the drama was distinctly and exclusively a product of religion.

What have they in common today? That the separation has become complete and final, there can be no question. And yet, with the needs of the time pointing more imperatively than ever to the things for which they stand, the essence of Greek tragedy would appear to be ineffective indeed were it not possible for us to find the common denominator between them.

First, intellectual integrity. A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly,* speaking about a modernist's search for God, says that: "Above all things our times require intellectual integrity." He is speaking about the type of mind which finds it possible to indulge in a tortuous metaphysics which enables many persons to repeat the Apostles' creed Sunday after Sunday when they know perfectly well that the interpetation which they are placing upon it bears no relation to its original meaning; and he says that such a person ought to ponder earnestly that worthy text: "Let your yea be yea and your nay nay." Now, at its best, that is the sort of intellectual integrity with which many modern religious movements are identified. It is also the thing which dominates the best of our dramatic productions of yesterday and today. Pre-eminently that is what Mr. Shaw is attempting to visualize in such a play as "Joan of Arc." For one thing, he insists that we shall look upon the maid in the midst of as accurate a historical setting as it is possible to reproduce. For another, we will ask ourselves whether the days of the inquisition are past, whether the instruments of torture which men today are visiting upon those who rebel against authority may not, after all, be polite refinements of a more conventionalized, but no less brutal community. The contribution of Mr. Shaw to intellectual integrity in the field of religion finds a correlary in the department of moral convention, through the iconoclasm of Ibsen. When religion and the drama, therefore, speak their minds, they demand intellectual integrity.

The cultivation of an international spirit is a conspicuous feature of the Church and of the stage in this moment of transition. The past few months have witnessed a remarkable number of plays pointing very plainly in the direction of such a spirit. One thinks of the so-called anti-war plays. The militarists did their best to stop "What Price Glory," ostensibly upon the grounds that its generous use of profanity was unfair to the men who served in the trenches and corrupting to the youth of today; but in reality because the mere portrayal of the daily life of a soldier was such a terrific arraignment of the entire military system. This present season has marked the production of at least two plays from the same point of view. Mr. Channing Pollock in "The Enemy" changes the scene from the battle-front to the home and pictures the devastation in ideals and morals in the sacrifice of all those things which make for beauty and the sanctities of life. And now a French writer in "Merchants of Glory," in order to emphasize the fact that everybody loses in time of war, gives us a picture of superlative depravity into which politicians and war profiteers were plunged in order that they might serve both God

and Mammon. Now in all this the Church and the stage stand upon common ground. And both are true to their best traditions.

For another thing, there is a tendency of reconciliation which might be referred to as the Science of religion and the Art of the theater. It may seem strange to speak about a science of religion and yet the testimony is unmistakable that the best thought of our time is moving in the direction of an attempt to formulate religious experience in such terms that we may deal with it as a scientist deals with his materials. Professor William James pointed the way in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," and Professor Starbuck of the University of Iowa delivered a course of lectures in Sweden last summer in which he ventured to isolate some of those elements which will enter into this new science of religion. On the other hand, we are tardily and reluctantly, though pretty certainly, coming to look at the theater at its best, not as a place of entertainment and amusement, but as an instrument for the cultivation of the best in art. That is quite unmistakably the direction in which Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Anderson, and other prophetic writers are moving. By curious transfer of emphasis, at just the moment that religion is becoming scientific, the theater appears to be becoming mystical. The case of such a play as "The Dybbuk," which is based upon the tradition of a certain mystical Jewish cult of the 18th century, is a very excellent example of this tendency.

Such efforts as have thus far been attempted in bringing the theater to religion have not proven altogether effective. Dr. Guthrie and Mr. Claude Bragdon at the Church of St. Mark's in the Bowery have heroically made the attempt but with what success still remains to be seen. The question is not whether religion can be made theatrical—the question is whether the Church can bring to the theater an attitude towards life which will enable the theater in the best sense of the word to make itself religious.

One sometimes asks himself in the midst of the rush and raucousness of our chaotic society, whether there will be any such thing as an American theater after the analogy, and planted upon the firm foundations of, the Greek theater of the third century before Christ. Far-reaching as the differences may be, there are also certain astonishing similarities between the two elements of comparison. In Greece it was a period marked by energy and the passion to create a world of beauty. Tragedy and comedy were an irresistible uprushing of the vital energies of the people. Whatever else may be said of our own time and national life, at least we have energy and youth and an inarticulate desire for the creation of something much finer than we have yet produced. The power of the theater lies in just this ability to raise us to ecstasy through the love of vitality which is the commonest sign of divinity in life.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

Enthusiasm for Mussolini continues to increase among the conservative classes in this country. We wonder what they think of Mussolini's recent declaration that capital, labor and banking must all be brought under the control of the state. This looks to us like Socialism. As to the general situation, we are reminded of Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe's statement—"in essence Bolshevism and Fascism are one."

The most heroic strike, fought by the most cruel weapons of lawlessness and oppression, that America has seen since the days of the old Lawrence (Mass.) strike, is now raging in Passaic, N. J. Where is organized labor in this affair? Echo answers—*where?*

President Garfield, of Williams College, Dean Shailer Mathews, of Chicago University, Professor George A. Coe, President Charles William Eliot, Dr. John H. Finley, Prof. Sargent, late Director of Athletics at Harvard, have joined in publishing letters denouncing the use of our schools for military training. This is testimony that cannot be controverted.

Dr. Frederick Lynch makes an interesting statement about modern military training in schools and colleges.

"This is nothing like the old-fashioned drill at all," he says. "It is, as the War Department frankly confesses, the teaching of young men how to fight, and of course this means really how to kill. It includes much more than drill, it includes the teaching of all the barbarous methods of modern warfare."

Now the *Advance* and the *Continent*, two important Presbyterian journals of long standing, have combined! Religious papers are apparently amalgamating as fast as churches. How many are going to be left a generation hence?

"At the end of the World War," says General Ely, of the United States Army, "we had a system which even the Germans envied." Pacifists please take notice! Here is testimony from headquarters that the War did the job of militarizing America on the most approved German model. And the results of the job are still with us.

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence.]

I

What are the American people thinking about, that is, those who are thinking, for in America, as in most lands, the percentage of people who think is small!

There is, first of all, the question of America's relations as determined by international finance. To pay or not to pay, seems to be the soliloquy of the average American, as he peers across the Atlantic. Sometimes he thinks it would be better to have Europe pay up, and then again he thinks it would be better if Europe didn't pay up. He sees that he is "getting in bad" either way, and perceives that those countries for which he has "done the most love him the least." The average honest-minded American has thought that his money and credit came into the war just in time to bring victory to the Allies, so he is finding it difficult to adjust his mind to the attitude of a debtor, who was a short time ago a borrower. A money-lender easily changes into a Shylock, actually, and in the minds of his debtors. This is the first time that America has been given this important role, in a world post-war drama. The average American argues, if the debts are cancelled, we'll be bankrupt; if they are not cancelled, they won't be paid anyway, at least not really paid. There is ill-will and disturbance either way. And in either case the average American says, "Your Uncle Samuel holds the empty sack." He is praying that in the future he may be saved from the fate of the creditor—the prayer regarding forgiveness of debts not covering the case. This is one big problem of the American people today.

A second is the farm question. So far, in the history of the nation, little has been done, politically, for the farmer. He has been "independent"—and rather gloried in his status. The farmer, however, during the last twenty years, has been getting into a bad condition. Many causes, too numerous to mention, have contributed. Among these are, the drift to the cities, as city life was deemed to be more attractive; insecurity as to prices, an income for a whole year sometimes being wiped out by expenses; unwillingness or inability to cooperate either in production or distribution; increasing competition in a world-market, etc. Effort in cooperation have been tried, but have often failed. Efforts are now under way for cooperation of farmers, on a world-scale, with some promise of relief. The farmers have now and then turned to the federal government for relief, in the way of legislation for price-fixing, etc. . . . The leaders of the party in power, the Republican party, frankly state that the farmer can not be aided by political measures. The farmers reply that there seems to be no difficulty in the way of the government aiding the railroads, the bankers, the shippers, and other essential factors of society, why not the farmer? But Mr. Coolidge and the Republican party have always believed in the "independence of the American farmer" while the Democratic party, watching for an opening, is beginning to ask, "Why so?" How much the farmer should be aided, if at all, by government is sure to be a big question in America for the next several years.

America is also thinking hard over the matter of alien registration. The country is feeling its way toward solving the problem of immigration. The vast majority of immigrants come from Europe, as always. Formerly, when America was young, optimistic and fearless, the doors were wide open—there were no fences. Today, the fences are high, and run all round the place—a little like a duke's estate in England. Signs are up, in abundance, "No trespassing," "No shooting without permission," "Peddlers go to the back door," "Doors unlocked between the hours of 8 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.," "Only a fixed number of the same kind admitted each year, determined by the number of those who came 30 years ago," "Anyone afflicted with moral turpitude will be turned back." The net gain of immigrants from Europe last year was 73,302; for the year before 305,351. There used to be a million a year in the "good old days" when America was "the hope of the world." The question of deporting those who can't "show good cause for being here" is ever coming before the immigration committee of Congress. If the chairman of this committee, Albert (not Hiram) Johnson, had his way, there would be a general registration of all aliens. This lies in the line of the American way of doing things—by means of the "round-up"—a method practiced on the plains with cattle. It helps, if there is a brand on each of the steers of the herd, in the matter of separation. This leads such minds as Mr. Johnson's to propose the taking of finger prints and measurements of all aliens. This smacks too much perhaps of the cannery, but let us not be surprised if something as "efficient" is put through. There will be a little talk of "reds," patriotic clubs will tune in and it might go over with a bang! Of course, the result will be that multitudes with their pasts (and futures) will be at the mercy of officials. The fact that this is to out-Prussianize the Germans of old does not seem to phase a "real American." At the present time I am told there is a good deal of "boot-leg" immigration going on.

II

Popular use of radio goes on increasing with bounds. Today I participated in a morning "Inspirational Service" conducted by the Secretary of the Federated churches. It lasted ten minutes. The services have been going on during Lent. Before long I suspect "family prayers" will be led from some central station. It's not too bad; for the effect of a prayer coming out of the silence, invisible, is quite spiritual in its effects. One inventive radio-mind has been trying to get a "million-sing"—which is also not too bad. Next, some inventive mind will suggest that all the people living around the Pacific dance to one orchestra, playing at Honolulu, Melbourne or Kobe. Meanwhile, Secretary Herbert Hoover has his department working on rules for regulating radio. This, also, is an important problem.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

CHAPTER IV

PLAYING THE HUSBAND

About the time of my marriage, little pamphlets costing a pice of a pie (I now forget how much) used to be issued in which conjugal love, thrift, child marriages and such other subjects were discussed. As soon as I came across any of these, I would go through them from cover to cover, and it was a habit with me to forget what I did not like, and to carry out in practice whatever I liked. Lifelong faithfulness to the wife inculcated in these booklets as the duty of a husband remained for ever imprinted on my heart. The passion for truth was, besides, innate in me, and to be false to her was therefore out of the question. And then there was very little chance of one being faithless at that tender age.

But the lesson of faithfulness had also an untoward effect. "If I should be pledged to be faithful to my wife, she also should be pledged to be faithful to me" I said to myself, and the thought made me a jealous husband. Her duty was easily converted into my right to exact faithfulness from her and if it had to be exacted I should be watchfully tenacious of the right. I had absolutely no reason to suspect my wife's fidelity, but jealousy does not wait for reasons. I must ever be on the lookout about her movements, and she could therefore not go anywhere without my permission. This sowed the seeds of a bitter quarrel between us. The restraint was virtually a sort of imprisonment. And Kasturbai was not a woman to brook any such thing. She made it a point to go out whenever and wherever she liked. More restraint on my part resulted in more liberty being taken by her, and my getting more cross. Refusal to speak with each other became thus the order of the day with us, married children. I think it was quite innocent of Kasturbai to have taken those liberties with my restrictions. How could a guileless girl brook any restraint on going to the temple or on going on visits to friends? And if I had the right to impose restrictions on her, had she also not a similar right? All this is clear to me today. But I had then to make good my authority as a husband!

Let not the reader however think that ours was a life of unrelieved bitterness. For my severities were all based on love. I wanted to *make* my wife an ideal wife. My ambition was to *make* her live a pure life, learn what I learnt, and identify her life and thought with mine.

I do not know whether Kasturbai had any such ambition. She was illiterate. By nature she was simple, independent, perservering and, with me at least, reticent. She was not impatient of her ignorance and I do not recollect my studies having ever spurred her to go in for a similar adventure. My ambition was therefore, I fancy, all one-sided. My passion was all centered in one woman, and I wanted it to be reciprocated. But even if there was no reciprocity there could not be all unrelieved misery as there was active love on one side at least.

I must say I was passionately fond of her. Even in the school I would think of her, and the thought of nightfall and subsequent meeting with her would ever be haunting me. Separation was unbearable. I would keep her awake till late in the night with my idle talk. If with this devouring passion, there had not been in me a passionate attachment to duty, I would either have fallen a prey to disease and premature death, or have led a burdensome existence. But the appointed tasks had to be gone through every morning and lying to anyone was out of the question. It was this last thing that saved me from many a pitfall.

I have already said that Kasturbai was illiterate. I was very anxious to teach her, but lustful love left me no time. For one thing the teaching had to be done against her will, and that too at night. I dare not meet her in the presence of the elders, much less talk to her. Kathiawar had then, and to a certain extent has even today, its own peculiar, useless and barbarous *Purdah*. Circumstances were thus also unfavourable. I must therefore confess that all my efforts to instruct Kasturbai in our youth were mostly unsuccessful. And when I was awakened, having thrown off the sleep of lust, I had already launched forth into public life which did not leave me much spare time. I failed alike in instructing her through private tutors. As a result Kasturbai can today with difficulty write simple letters and understand simple Gujarati. I am sure that had my love for her been absolutely untainted with lust, she would have been a learned lady today. I could then have conquered her dislike for studies. For I know that nothing is impossible for pure love.

I have mentioned one circumstance that more or less saved me from the disasters of lustful love. There is another worth noting. Numerous cases have convinced me that God ultimately saves him whose motive is pure. Along with the cruel custom of child marriages, Hindu society has another custom which to a certain extent diminishes the evils of the first. Parents do not allow young couples to stay together long. The child-wife spends more than half her time at her father's place. Such was the case with us. That is to say during the five years of our married life (from the age of 13 to 18), we could not have lived together longer than an aggregate period of three years. Scarcely would we live six months together when there would be a call to Mrs. Gandhi from her parents. Such calls were very unpleasant in those days, but they saved us both. At the age of eighteen I went to England, which meant a long and healthy spell of separation. Even after my return from England we hardly stayed together longer than six months. For I had to run up and down from Rajkot to Bombay. And then came the call from South Africa which found me fairly free from my slumber. — (Translated from *Navajivan* by M. D.)

M. K. GANDHI.

Descendants and Ancestors

Why is it that the members of the various "Patriotic Societies," the sundry "Sons" and "Daughters" and "Descendants," whenever active enough to make a rumpus or get into print, almost invariably appear on the conservative side of public issues, and usually as rabid reactionists? It is a strange outcome for people organized to perpetuate the memory of the great radicals and revolutionists of our history. It would be hard to recall an instance of the activity of these societies in behalf of the radical or progressive causes of their own time, applying to the problems of today the "present valor" which the Revolutionary fathers applied to the problems of yesterday. Nobody of course would bring a railing accusation against the great body of these patriotic people; for most people know that they are among our most faithful, public-spirited and devoted citizens. But why do they permit themselves to be represented predominantly before the public by the talkative, splenetic and often vain of their number, compelling earnest outsiders to criticism which should be efficiently exercised by sensitive insiders? There is not a chapter of "Sons" or "Daughters" between Portland and Portland in which there are not enough able and right minded persons to put and keep the societies on the track; but they do not lead.

Many of the societies exist expressly to sanctify old wars—the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the War of 1812, the Daughters of the Mexican War—God save the mark,—and anything that magnifies militarism or the army and navy seems to make special appeal for the tablets and "pink teas." One never hears of their joining with other prominent organizations in promoting the great and distinguishing movements of our time for international friendship and cooperation. They often seem to feed and flourish on the crassest nationalism, and sometimes to hate the very name of peace. The amazing performance of the various "Daughters" in Washington a year or two ago, in trying to break up the Women's International Peace Congress, went so far of course as to excite the disgust of their own soberer sisters; but it was only the worst of many similar exhibitions. For that Congress, holding its sessions for a week in the Hall of Nations at the Hotel Washington, there came almost a hundred foreign delegates, including leading women of England, France, Germany, Italy, China, and Japan. On the eve of the Congress, the Washington "Daughters of the War of 1812" came out with manifestoes in the Washington papers urging their sister "Daughters" to join them when the Congress assembled in descending upon the hotel bodily and cleaning it out. It was so notorious and so humilitating to the American members, that the President of the Congress, Jane Addams, felt constrained, in her welcoming address, to apologize to the foreign guests and frankly confess that American women were still so far behind their European sisters in international sentiment that the calling of the Congress here was perhaps premature, and that it might be better for some time yet to confine its sessions as before to European capitals where the hospitality and intelligent cooperation were always so cordial.

The most vociferous supporters of the "Daughters of the War of 1812" in this Washington melodrama were the "Daughters of the Mexican War." It was a little startling to learn that this particular brand of Daughters existed, unashamed. Most of us agree with General Grant, who, although as a young Lieutenant in the regular army he had to go to the war, wrote in his later life that was "one of the most unrighteous wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." One would suppose that "descendants" of the infamy would have chosen to blush unseen, rather than advertise their existence and parade.

Not content with their Washington demonstration, the "Daughters," when a large body of the delegates left for Chicago, to take part in a summer school, with sessions at the University and elsewhere, sent word to their sisters in cities through which the train was to pass urging them to make it hot for the travelers. They even petitioned the President of the University of Chicago not to let them speak there; but he, undoubtedly well used to professional "patriots," treated their appeal as it deserved.

This was not the only nor altogether the worst ebullition of "Daughters" at the national capital. Widows and wives and daughters of brigadiers and commodores do much to set the tone in Washington "society," and that tone is certainly not a pronounced peace tone. The annual gatherings of the women for the election of officers, in which the caucuses take themselves as seriously as the great party conventions, are "events" in the fashionable society of the capital. The coteries behind the rival candidates from Syracuse and St. Louis for the post of President-general make the corridors of the New Willard serious places; for the "dignities and a' that" count for much with these "blooded" dames. The distinction between D. R's. and D. A. R's. is as portentous as the *Filioque* dispute between the Greek and Roman churches.

But the moral standards are superlative. This was recognized gratefully by Howells, who rejoiced in the high claims of the "patriotic societies" as the hopeful augury of a genuine American aristocracy—and no full-grown people can go without an aristocracy. A descendant of some woman connected with the Benjamin Franklin family, whose marriage certificate was a little irregular, had on that account been blackballed, if I remember the story rightly, by some Philadelphia chapter of Daughters. America is safe, said Howells, and a new vista opens for the world, since at last, for the first time, morality is made a condition of belonging to the aristocracy?

Somehow, there is a pervasive impression of clutching at the skirts and coattails of aristocracy in these patriotic presbyteries dedicated to the great democrats. Democracy, the habit of Abraham Lincoln's "plain people," the outlook of the Plymouth Pilgrims, the Lexington farmers, and the men of Valley Forge, seems as far from their functions as love of the peace cause from the Washington "Daughters of the War of 1812" and New York "Mayflower Descendants" at Biltmore dinners. Descent from the great democrats, which should be a tool or trumpet for new and bolder democracy, becomes again and again a new excuse for that persistent

impulse to exclusiveness and special privilege which is the dearest flavor of the original sin of men and of nations.

Some time a year ago the Governor-General of the "General Society of Mayflower Descendants" addressed the New York branch of the Society, at its annual dinner, at the Biltmore Hotel—these "descendants" are connoisseurs in hotels, and seem to count good dinners the best ritual for the worship of their famished ancestors—and his words were wired over the country. If he extolled the Mayflower men and the Pilgrim virtues, his eloquence in that line was not salient enough to catch the ears of the reporters. What they did catch was his exhortation to Mayflower descendants "militantly to combat the wave of radicalism, bolshevism, pacifism and all the other diabolical 'isms' so prevalent in this country today."

In what particular form of militancy the descendants of Elder Brewster are to carry on this combat the report does not hint. More pronounced militants are more explicit. Chaplain John T. Axton, chief-of-chaplains of the United States Army, in a manifesto pleading for an energetic observance of Defense Day in 1924 said: "Longfellow says: War is a terrible thing; but in a righteous cause, sweet is the smell of powder." This is of course nothing that "Longfellow says"; it is a misquotation of words which he put into the mouth of Myles Standish, who urges to Elder Brewster that

> The only tongue that is understood by the savage
> Must be the tongue of fire, that speaks from the mouth of the cannon

It will be remembered that the Elder of Plymouth replies:

> Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other apostles;
> Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spoke with.

This is clearly the poet's own sentiment; but to this the chief-of-chaplains does not call attention. It is of course, in exact accord with those sublime lines of Longfellow's in "The Arsenal at Springfield."

> Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Quite in line with Chaplain Axton is the word of Captain Pye of the United States Navy printed last year in the Congressional Digest at Washington, urging more militant preparedness. "The most effective defense," says Captain Pye, "is a strong offense; our policy in war is Go get them." One wonders whether the Governor-General remembers the word from John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, in the letter which he wrote to Governor Bradford at Plymouth in 1623, when he learned at Leyden of the militancy of Myles Standish in massacring the party of Indians suspected of hostile designs on the Colony. Said Robinson:

> Concerning the killing of those poor Indians, of which we heard, Oh, how happy a thing had it been if you had converted some, before you had killed any. Besides, where blood is once begun to be shed, it is seldom staunched of a long time after. You will say they deserve it, I grant it; but upon what provocations and incitements by those heathenish Christians [Weston's men]. Besides, you, being no magistrate over them, were to consider not what they deserved, but what you by necessity were constrained to inflict. Necessity of this, especially of killing so many (and many more, it seems, they would if they could) I see not. Upon this occasion, let me be bold to exhort you seriously to consider of the disposition of your Captain, whom I love and am persuaded the Lord in great mercy and for much good hath sent you him, if you use him aright. But there is cause to fear that by occasion, especially of provocation there may be wanting that tenderness of the life of man (made after God's image) which is meet. It is also a thing more glorious in men's eyes than pleasing in God's or convenient for Christians, to be a terror to poor barbarous people; and indeed I am afraid lest, by these occasions, others should be drawn to affect a kind of ruffling course in the world.

Our governor-general and chief-of-chaplains would probably pronounce this weak and diabolical pacifism. When the governor-general brackets "bolshevism" and "pacifism" among the "diabolical isms" to be militantly combated, one can but recall the merriment with which Dr. Hale used to speak of people who didn't know the difference between mysticism and mesmerism. The governor-general, who was running amuck, evidently thinks of pacifists as some bloody sort of revolutionists like the orthodox bolshevists of popular belief, and does not know that they stand at opposite poles, that the word pacifist is simply another form of the word peacemaker, and that the peacemakers are the extreme representatives of law and order. Those whom he curses are those of whom Jesus said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God'.'

There has sprung up in the last half dozen years, among those who hate the peace people, a sort of cult by which they choose to call them pacifists, thinking the outlandish word makes them outlandish people. But *café au lait* is plain coffee and milk, and pacifists are simply peacemakers; and the pretense of a distinction is an advertisement of ignorance. Let us stick to plain English. Cobden and Sumner and Wilson and Root are not French pacifists, but plain English peacemakers.

The governor-general, it was wired, hails from Providence, R. I. Does he remember that his city owes its founding and its name to Roger Williams, the extremist pacifist among all the fathers of New England? When Massachusetts, which had banished him, was afterwards in danger from the Indians, his pacific mediation saved her from hostilities, when the Indians had no fear of Massachusetts muskets. Does he remember, and do the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution remember, that the founders of the Republic, whom they extol so militantly at their good dinners, were the most conspicuous and prophetic pacifists among the statesmen of their age, and strove to make their new nation lead the world to a great new era of peace? "My first wish," said Washington, "is to see war banished from the earth." Said Franklin, not once but repeatedly, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace." Jefferson was the most pronounced peace apostle of the three. So it was with the great captains of our Civil War. "War is hell," Sherman said; and Grant's most famous word, graved on his monument, was, "Let us have Peace."

The hyper-patriots who sneer at the men who work for world friendship and world peace often talk as if the pacifists were an obscure little lot of Quakers and non-resistents. Not one man in a hundred in the peace movement is a non-resistent, and this is said with no disrespect for non-resistent, of whom there is good ground for thinking that Jesus

was one. However it was the day before yesterday, the peace party today includes all that is best in the American school and the American church. Among its leaders are such college and university presidents as Lowell of Harvard, Faunce of Brown, Garfield of Williams, Hopkins of Dartmouth, Pendleton of Wellesley, Woolley of Mount Holyoke, Neilson of Smith, McCracken of Vassar, Butler of Columbia, Hibben of Princeton, Alderman of Virginia, Aydellotte of Swarthmore, Thompson of Ohio, and Jordan of Stanford. In the American pulpit, to name only a few known to everybody, are such leaders as Lawrence, Slattery, Eliot, Frothingham, Crothers, Cummings, Dole, Horr, Hartman, Sperry, Brown, Jefferson, Merrill, Newton, Speer, Adler, Holmes, Wise, Fosdick, Coffin, Cadman, Lynch, Boynton, Brent, Morrison, McDonnell and Hughes. The two great Boston preachers of the last generation, Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale, were pronounced peace men, Dr. Hale one of the greatest international leaders of our time. It will no longer do for Governor-generals of Descendants and Madame-presidents of Daughters to banter "pacifists" at anniversary dinners, hoping to shield themselves behind ignorance—either their own or that of their hearers—of the great international movements of the time.

If these things were exceptional, it would be better to be silent about them; but they are typical, and becoming common and gross. If they provoked indignation and protest from within, they might cure themselves; but no such protest gets into print. The disgraceful Washington affair last year drew no protest from the respectable Daughters in Washington papers; I saw those papers then. It was a clear duty to assure the readers of the Washington Post, in which paper their bellicose sisters cheaply fulminated, that they did not countenance the fulminations. It was moreover an appetizing invitation for those whose patents of nobility are of earlier date to proclaim that the 1812 women were codfish aristocracy, and the elder stateswomen frowned on their bad manners and cheap talk. But their sympathy with Jefferson and Franklin was not sufficient to inspire this virtue. Indeed, it was intimated in Washington about that time that the 1776 Daughters, who have a marble hall in Washington, and had offered its use for some convention of women the next summer, to which delegates from many nations would come, including members of the English aristocracy, when they learned that there was a group of "pacifists" in the organization, promptly withdrew the offer. I do not vouch for this, and trust it is merely gossip and false; but the gossip was certainly common.

Meantime, the 1812 women and their sympathizers are unremitting in their barrage. There was held some time ago in Washington a great Conference on the Cause and Cure of War. It was called by nine national women's organizations, acting unitedly, among them the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the League of Women Voters, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Women's Trade Union League and the Association of University Women, all earnestly concerned in the Peace cause. There were nearly a thousand people at the week's conference, with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt as its president and Mrs. Thomas G. Winter chairman of the program committee; and there were such speakers as Judge Florence Allen, Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. Alice Hamilton, President Woolley, Grace Abbott, Raymond Fosdick, George W. Wickersham, Bruce Bliven, Manley O. Hudson and Professor Shotwell, with a notable address by President Coolidge when he received the delegates at the White House. It was a most important and impressive conference—to everybody except the "patriotic organizations." These mustered a hundred women at the New Willard the day after the Conference adjourned, to denounce the "Catt Convention," as they called it. This was considered mighty humor at that time and place. The chief speaker was Captain Harold Spencer, "formerly of the British Secret Service." His speech, said the Washington dispatch, was a "warning against internationalism." He had attended the "Catt Conference," and raised the question where the money for the gathering came from. He could easily have learned that every woman paid her own bill and $5 besides for general expenses. "When I sat looking at those thousand women," said the Captain, "I thought, is it not possible that these women are being drugged before their execution? There is a plan afoot that will mean destruction of the United States, a force attempting to disarm the United States, like that which led to Soviet Russia." The shivers over this melted into hilarity over the "Catt Convention"; but this went so far as even in that audience to wake "a storm of indignation"; and "a Mrs. Peabody of Boston" walked to the front and protested. "I resent this derisive reference to the Conference," she said. "I am not a pacifist, but I favor a careful study of the whole question such as took place here last week." So ended that incident; but it is only one of a hundred, showing that these "patriotic" women, who make a business of decorating the fathers' graves, know nothing of their spirit or of the things which today have relish of salvation.

"The only patent of nobility in this republic," said Charles E. Hughes, in his tribute to Elihu Root at the celebration of Mr. Root's eightieth birthday, "is worth of character, distinction of attainment, and preeminence in service. This is the nearest approach that we can make in this country, to the gift of an earldom."

"I hope," said Woodrow Wilson, "that we shall never forget that we created the nation not to serve ourselves, but to serve mankind."

It is not merely the lack of sympathy with the cause of progress and international friendship, the patience with snobbery, the superciliousness and veneer, which large-minded men and women in the patriotic societies have occasion to deplore, but a petty and obtuse chauvinism. The Boston papers of one day a year ago reported a hearing at the State House on school histories. The opposition of the Knights of Columbus and Sons of the Revolution to various text-books of high repute, by Hart, Muzzey and other accomplished scholars, is noted; and Professor Hart himself came in from Harvard to show that it was no more sinful nor dangerous to tell pupils in the schools that men spoke ill of Washington and Jefferson in their time than for them to learn at home that men spoke ill of Roosevelt and Wilson. What is the chief trouble with these Knights of Columbus and Sons of the Revolution, that they are continually making a racket about the histories in the schools? It is the common fear that these do not let the pupils think badly enough of England. Irish Catholics and the blue-bloods do not

usually fraternize; but hatred of red-coats makes strange bed-fellows. The magnifiers of Ireland and the magnifiers of Bunker Hill thrive on making out England as bad as possible. All went well so long as the Revolution was viewed as a struggle between a united America of "patriots" and a united England of tyrants; but it does not go so well when it is shown that half of our people were not "patriots" and that most of the best Englishmen were on our side. One does not like to see celebrators of the American Revolution fostering ignorance and bigotry in this matter; and unhappily we often find them in this business.

A typical session of one of the Patriotic Societies was the annual conference of Massachusetts Daughters of the American Revolution, in Boston, a year ago. The first item in the report states that Miss Hermine Schwed charged that Jane Addams, presiding at a Women's International Peace Congress in Washington a year before "remained passive when the American flag was belittled." Somebody had asked in this Washington Conference "if it were not the custom at such meetings to pledge allegiance to the American flag." One wonders what these tragical humorists, or the foreign delegates to the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1921, would have thought if Secretary Hughes had opened the sessions of that international conference by saluting our national flag and asking the foreign delegates to join. The Daughters should give Miss Addams credit for good manners. The State Regent of the Daughters, steering the Boston meeting to the next thing on the program, remarked concerning Miss Schwed's philippic, that "After such a thrilling speech, maybe we can do something more than just smile." Mrs. Buel reported that at this same Washington Peace Conference she found, in trying to obtain literature at headquarters, that English was not spoken, but only German—which was of course not so. The next thing was an attack on the Ford Hall Forum. "Most of the speakers at Ford Hall are enemies of the Constitution." Mrs. Joseph Mahoney, "who writes and lectures under the name of Bangs Burgess," told of the 300,000 "Seed Scatterers," whose aim is "to beautify the world by putting a belt of perennial flowers around it." From first to last, so far as reported, no word about the American Revolution or the principles of the founders of the republic, no thought of political injustices in the country, no resolution supporting President Coolidge in his effort to get us into the World Court, no petition to Washington save one asking that some West Point cadets be sent to Lexington to take part in the celebration on April 19. And to this sort of thing—a full report can be seen in the Boston Herald of March 19, 1925—300 Massachusetts women were willing to devote a day and a half, some of them, presumably good housewives and neighbors, paying their fares from as far away as Holyoke and Pittsfield.

God forbid that the approaching commemoration of the centennial of the death of Jefferson and the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence should come, to any considerable extent, into hands like these. I read of a "pink tea" at Washington arranged by certain daughters to raise money for the fund for securing Jefferson's Monticello. Had the real Jefferson, with his red hair and his six foot form, suddenly appeared at that tea and been asked to speak for himself, the first breath of his democratic doctrine and its application to 1926 would have frightened half of those genteel Daughters into the street, and some of them would not have stopped running this side of Harper's Ferry.

The Governor-general at the Biltmore, after freeing his mind on radicals and peace-folk, proceeded to exhort the New York Mayflower Descendants to "defend and maintain the Constitution of the United States," and straightway went on to denounce the amendments to the Constitution, forgetting that these are a part of the Constitution. He concentrated his attack on "The amendments adopted in the last twelve years." What he was shooting at was Woman Suffrage and Prohibition. The fifteenth amendment is sixty years old. But surely the Governor-general would admit that God's white folks in South Carolina and Mississippi should no more be compelled to let niggers vote than Mayflower Descendants at Biltmore dinners should be compelled to go without their sauterne and champagne. We are witnessing at this time an extraordinary frenzy of devotion to the Constitution on the part of conservative people, and there is grave reason for suspicion that their new piety is for the sake of making the Constitution a club with which to fight progress. But that is another story. It is mournful enough for the moment to find Mayflower Descendants listening to denunciations of peacemakers at a time when all that is prophetic and dynamic among civilized men is united in the effort to supplant the methods of militancy and Mexican wars by international friendship and order.

Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime.
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward past or future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

It is good to be debtors to the past; but it is good only as it makes us creditors of the future. One of Napoleon's young marshals, who had risen quickly from the ranks, was so snubbed in the "good society" which took him up—scions of the faded aristocracy of the old regime—that in a moment of flashing resentment at dinner he shivered his glass on the table and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I would have you understand that you are simply descendants. I am an ancestor." The main thing for all of us, blue bloods, red bloods, descendants and other folks, is somehow to become ancestors of something that this struggling world waits and prays for. These people who revile "radicals"—that is, men like William Brewster, Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson and Charles Sumner—never revile reactionaries. The tongues so glib against "pacifists" never deviate into talk of "militarists"; against peace people, never against war people. Half the people who now glorify Sumner at club dinners would in his time have been just where their fathers were; every "respectable" parlor on Beacon Hill, we read, except that of Charles Francis Adams, was closed to him. A large fraction of the "first families" sailed away with Howe to Halifax when Washington bombarded the British out of Boston rather than live under the Sam Adams regime.

We do not want too many celebrations of the Mayflower men and the men of 1776 by men who do not know their spirit; who, had they lived in England in the time of the Pilgrims, would have said they got what they deserved when they were "harried out"; who in the Boston of Sam Adams would have counted the "father of the Revolution" a ring-leader of dema-

gogues and the consort of hoodlums; and when Garrison and Phillips were the victims of "mobs of gentlemen" would have white-washed the mob.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

The great cause here in 1776 was the independence of America and then the union of the states. The great cause in 1860 was the saving of the Union and the ending of slavery. The great cause today is the ending of war and the peace of the world. Washington was called to organize a nation. We are called to organize the family of nations; and the choice between the darkness and the light on that supreme issue will determine the place of every nation and every man of us in history. It would be mournful if the paraphernalia in which some of our Sons and Daughters are preparing to parade in the great celebrations of 1926 should turn out to be goatskins.

What is the place of the "first families" who decided wrongly between Samuel Adams and Lord North in 1775? What is the place of the "first families" whose parlors were closed to Charles Sumner in 1860? It is the place of those to whom today the new Messiah offers the bloom or blight, to find them jesting at the idea of new hope for men. "The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be." Tomorrow they will push for part in the triumph. In every great reform, said Wendell Phillips, there are three stages in the opposition: the reform is against the Bible; it is against common sense; and they always believed it. But the day of virtue and of grace will have gone by for them forever.

It is a shocking thing to the man who knows our history, who knows the principles and prophecies of the founders of the Republic and the price they paid, to see great bodies of men and women who arrogate to themselves, and sometimes with warrant, the peculiar guardianship of our great traditions, construing their office pettily, according to the letter and not according to the spirit. I would not be misunderstood. I revere history and our great past; I value geneology; memorials are sacraments, and provincialism is precious. But heraldry and monuments are not the principal thing, and the mind that makes them so is not robust. I do not write as an enemy, but as a friend of the purpose of these societies and with confidence that many valued friends will respond warmly to my word. I do not belong to the Hivites or the Jebusites, but to the "chosen people," to a family as old in New England as Boston, which was represented at the front with energy and honor in the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, and who resents the turning of patriotism into antiquarianism, archaeology and embalming. The men of 1775 looked back to the men of 1620 and 1630, not with curiosity about their houses and their hats, but with reverence for their heroism and with prayer for the consecration and the vision for their own stern crisis which the fathers had shown the century before. It is for the men of 1926 to look back in that spirit to 1776, to look back only as a help to look forward to the new duty of the new occasion. There is no virtue in being slaves of "a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves." Elijah prayed that God would take away his life—why? Because he was "not better than his father." If, with all the added light and training, today is not better than yesterday, then it is not so good. We must ourselves be Pilgrims and launch our Mayflower on the desperate sea of 1926, else Biltmore dinners by Mayflower Descendants are profanity and farce.

We are entered on the era of great anniversaries, the 150th anniversary of Lexington and Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence. Shall not our "Patriotic Societies" make some worthy contribution to the celebration? Shall they not rise to a new conception of their definition and their opportunity, and translate reverence into inspiration? Many in their number wait eagerly for that new birth; for many feel that the hour has struck for their redemption from the reproach of caring more about George Washington's breeches and buckles, the taverns where he slept, and his great-grandfather at Sulgrave than about his soldiership, his statesmanship, and his great apostleship of peace.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Correspondence

A Tribute to Romain Rolland

(From a private letter)

I knew nothing about Rolland until a year ago or so, when I read his "Mahatma Gandhi." I immediately secured "Jean Christophe," and then bought everything of his which I could find in English.

I understand perfectly how you can feel such a debt to him for strengthening you in days of doubt and loneliness. For a couple of weeks last summer in Shanghai when even my friends, in the thralls of war psychology, seemed to condemn me for having spoken for a square shake for the students, I literally carried Rolland's "Cherambault" with me. One chap wanted to borrow it from me, but until I no longer felt lonely I refused to let the story of the weak man who yet dared to stand alone against the world, go out of my house. I also owe a debt to Rolland. Men like Rolland must sometimes wonder whether or not it is really worth while to fight on, unappreciated and lonely. Far too seldom they are shown how they are lighting other lamps around the world.

Tien Tsin, China. K.

The Bimba Case

Editor of UNITY:

Perhaps an inside view of "The Bimba Case," recently tried in Brockton, Mass., would be of interest to your readers. The arrest came as the result of constant quarrels between two factions of Lithuanians. The universal consensus of opinion from the trial judge to the man in the street was, that the case should never have come to trial. Early in the case the blasphemy charge, was admitted by the prosecution, to have been merely a pretext. The opposition group attended the lecture solely for the purpose of making trouble and the so-called seditious utterances came up in the course of questions and answers and not in the body of the lecture, which was on conditions in Lithuania and had nothing to do with conditions in the United States.

These two groups of Lithuanians are constantly quarreling and taking their quarrels to court. The verdict was a fine of $100 and is to be appealed. I think I can say that the general opinion of people in Brockton was that there should have been no verdict except of complete acquittal.

It may be of interest in this connection, to state that dur-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

SAID AGAINST MILITARY TRAINING

Out of Harmony with Aims of College

I do not favor military drill in the colleges. As a means of cultivating alertness of mind and self-control, athletic games are superior to military drill. Any one of the regular games played at our colleges requires a wider range of mental activity, a greater degree of accuracy, and far more quickness than is required in military drill.

Military drill is out of harmony with the aims of college. The aim of the college is to train men for citizenship by discovering and developing the best and highest intellectual powers of each, to the end that each may make the largest contribution to the common welfare. The aim of military drill, as above stated, is to train men in the use of a particular implement, to the end that citizens may defend their country by force of arms. But defense of country is not confined to force of arms. Our first line of defense is enlightened citizenship. Our second line of defense is enlightened citizenship, and so is our third. Civilization has interposed many lines between its outer boundaries and the first line of military force, and it is the supreme task of the college to bulwark these advanced positions of civilization. Therefore, I say, let our colleges keep to their great tasks, and let our young men learn the art of the soldier where it can be better taught than in our colleges.—*Harry A. Garfield, President Williams College.*

Mind-Set for War

Militarism is not only a system, it is an attitude of mind. It is a survival of days when men failed to see the might of the Spirit of Jesus and the good sense of love. Doing one another injustice, both intentionally and in ignorance of the laws of social welfare, they felt the need of soldiers to defend and enforce their policies. Thus history revolved in a vicious circle. Bad internationalism demanded military establishments, and military establishments diverted attention from Christian ideals in national policies.

To my mind, military training in schools will serve to consolidate this same attitude of mind in growing generations. Military training cannot fail to make impressionable lives feel the justice of militarism as a spiritual attitude toward other nations. It will divert attention from ideals of justice and friendship in the same proportion as it is defended and enforced. Pride and suspicion are indispensable accompaniments of military preparation. Why should boys and girls be given such lessons? As far as real military preparation is concerned, military training in schools is of no real value; but as developing a bent of mind, an accustomedness to military thinking and a respect for war, it is liable to be a psychological suggestion which will make sanity and justice more difficult in all dealings of future opinion with international relations. — *Shailer Mathews, Ex-President Federal Council of the Church of Christ in America; Dean Divinity School, University of Chicago.*

War is, of course, a state of mind. This means not merely the mental processes that accompany and immediately precede hostilities, but also the entire set of readinesses that determine, in advance of acute friction, how a nation shall conduct itself with relation to friction-producing causes. Habits of thought and sentiment, which I shall here call the national mind-set, may and do make war while there is yet peace. They make it, not by hating other nations, not by desiring war, but by adjusting the whole mental mechanism so that, in certain situations, war-favoring reactions will occur as a matter of course. War seems to break upon us like an electric storm or an earthquake; it seems to happen to us. But in reality it happens in us, as a long, inter-connected series of events, the last of which—the call to arms and the actual fighting—merely carries out the nature of the series.

By changing the earlier members of this series in such a way as to establish a contrary mind-set, we could prevent war altogether, we could make it as obsolete as cannibalism. Suppose that all the children of the country were to be so trained and instructed that, a generation hence, the American mind should have a deep revulsion against the inhumanity of war, an intelligent realization of the futility of it, and at least a rudimentary understanding of the causes of international strains and of the ways in which people who do not desire war are nevertheless made to fight—if this kind of psychical preparedness were built up in our people for even one generation, we should be well on the road toward final emancipation. Looked at theoretically, this is entirely within our powers. If the educators of today were given a commission thus to shift the mental mind-set of the whole nation, and if they were granted a free hand, they could "turn the trick."—*George A. Coe, Professor, Teachers' College, Columbia University.*

"Military training in our schools and colleges has as its chief result not increased efficiency in the technique of warfare, but rather a change in the mental outlook of our young people, so that they look upon war as a normal part of life and expect to take part in it. The battle for war or peace is being fought today in our schools and colleges.

"We must take risks for peace as risks must be taken for every good thing. I believe that the building of a state of good will and the expectation of peace is far less of a risk than the building of a war spirit which will lead us to want to try our newly discovered strength."—*Arthur E. Morgan, President of Antioch College.*

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ing the Bimba trial, Arturo Giovanitti was scheduled to speak on "The French Revolution and Facism" under the auspices of the "Circolo Mario Rapisardi." Immediately the local Fascisti appeared at City Hall to have the meeting stopped as an attack on the United States Government. One of the Italian group called up Mr. Gifford who was scheduled to preside at the meeting and Mr. Gifford called up the Mayor and allayed his fears, and also those of the caretaker of Pythian Temple, where the meeting was to be held.

The meeting was attended by government agents but no trouble resulted. In which connection I might add that government agents were present at the Bimba meeting and had found no cause for arresting him.

The question immediately arises "Since when has it come to be, that hearing about conditions in another country is an attack on the United States government?"

As a matter of fact we can listen with perfect safety to attacks of Soviet Russia but not to any exposition of conditions under the reactionary governments in the benign care of the League of Nations and the Peace of Versailles.

MAUD MARTIN GIFFORD.

Brockton, Mass.

Applause From All Sides

I

England

Editor of UNITY: The number of UNITY which announces the forthcoming autobiography of Gandhi gave us a thrill today. You are certainly to be congratulated on being able to give it to the world in the pages of UNITY. No doubt, Gandhi realizes that in no other publication has the story of his work for India and the world been set forth as it has been in yours. E.

London.

II

France

Editor of UNITY:

It is good to know that UNITY is to give us Gandhi's life story. As one of the prophets in this flowering of the ages Gandhi stands unique in the world. S.

Cannes.

III

Germany

Editor of UNITY:

I am very interested that you have secured Gandhi's autobiography. R.

Rheinfelden.

IV

Hungary

Editor of UNITY:

How I congratulate you on the forthcoming Gandhi articles. I have already got you a new English subscriber. The man (a former C. O.) was visiting here. H.

Budapest.

V

United States

Editor of UNITY:

Your introduction to Gandhi is masterly. So true, profoundly true. I am silent, reverent a moment, as I pause thanking you for it. L.

Santa Barbara.

Said by Students

"When the world today is groping toward peace through disarmaments and conferences, the existence of the military training of youths is a great stumbling block. Our colleges and high schools ought to furnish an atmosphere that will encourage independent thinking and should inculcate in the students the idea of internationalism, but the presence of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps prevents it—without doubt, it prevents the students from thinking that "above all nations is humanity," because intentionally, or otherwise, it inculcates in them aggressive and narrow chauvinism."—Editorial, Ka Leo o Hawaii (sophomore edition), Honolulu, Hawaii February 19, 1926.

"We do not have to take ethics, sociology, logic, or philosophy, where we might learn the values of conduct in life, where we might be impressed with the futility of war, but we have to take two years of R. O. T. C. where we learn to use a bayonet, to operate machine guns, to "finish an opponent who hangs on . . . by driving the knee or foot to his crotch and gouging his eyes with your thumbs," and where our "inherent desire to fight and kill" is "carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor."—Editorial, The Vagabond, Indiana University, January, 1926.

"What students in other places are asking and what we are asking is not that the R. O. T. C. course be abolished, but that it be made optional, which is a reasonable request, considering the fact that the attitude of the country on military preparedness is sincerely divided. We do not think that it is the part of the University to decide for all of the student body a question of a purely political nature which is nationally so strongly defended and opposed, so fortified by much that is right on both sides, and then proceed to impose that personal conviction on the students by the straight-arm method. . . Just because the course is compulsory does not condemn it. But when a course is made compulsory there ought to be no doubt in the minds of the educators as to its validity, which is not the case here." *Editorial in "The Vagabond," Student Publication in Indiana University—The Open Forum.*

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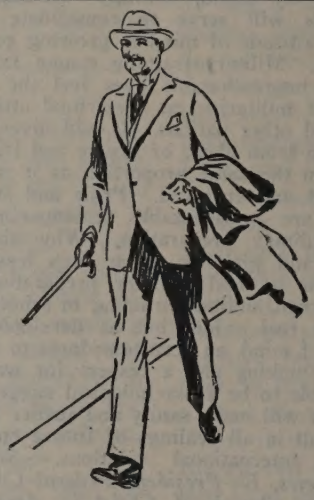

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